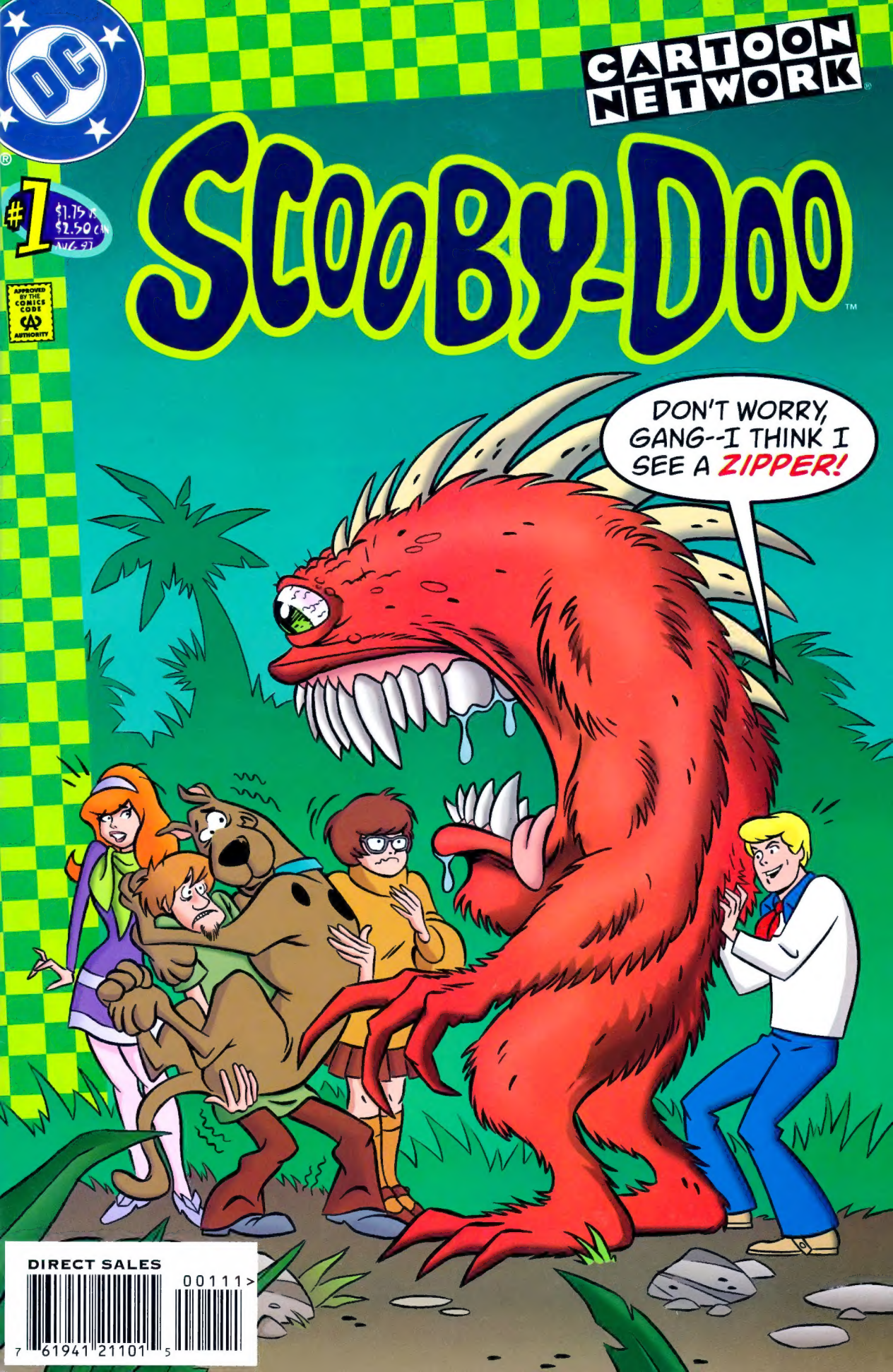
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SCOOBY-DOO
DON'T WORRY, GANG--I THINK I SEE A ZIPPER!
DIRECT SALES
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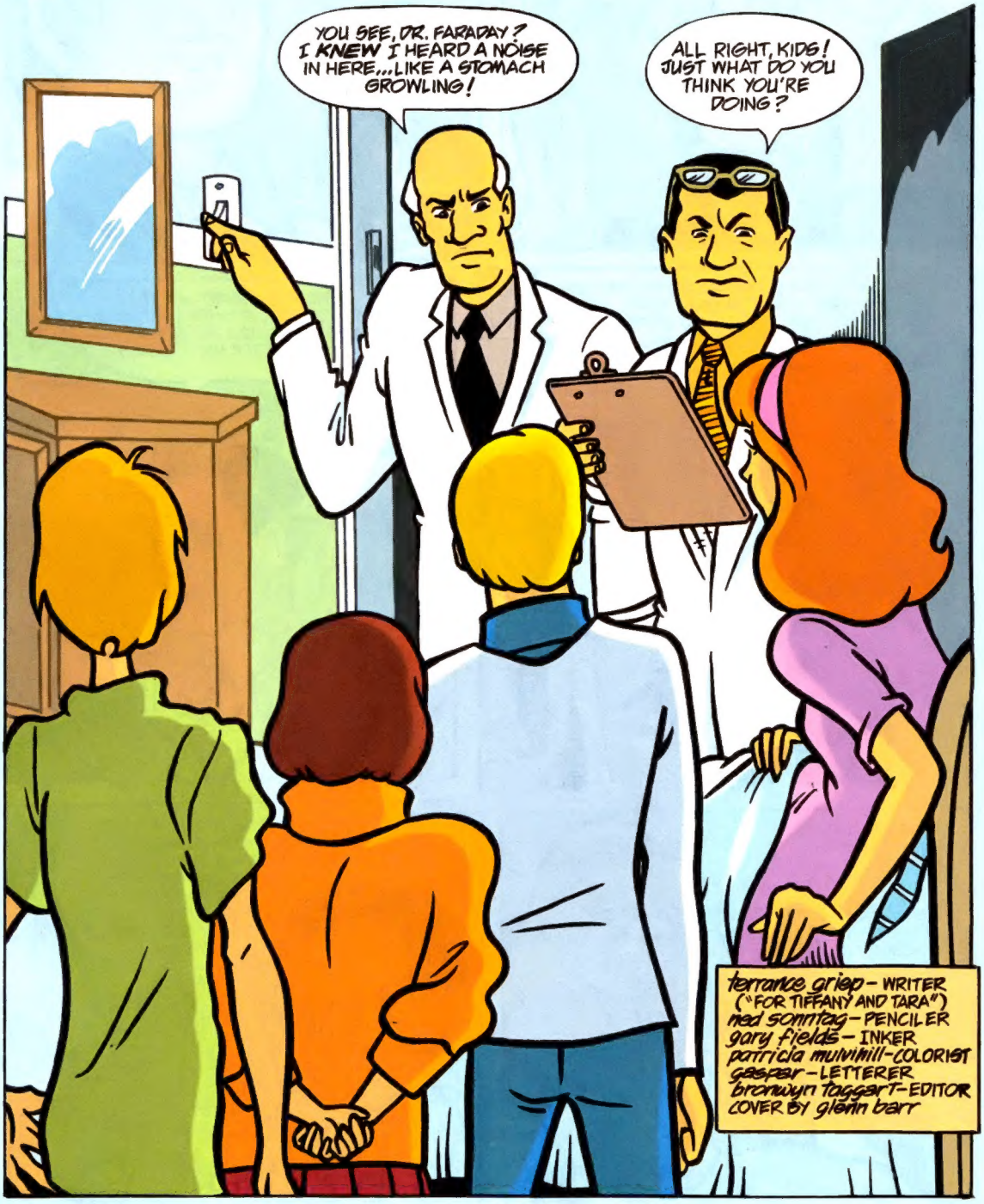
CATWELL
REST HOME
AND SPA
GRGRGRRR
EERR-RR-RR
IRRRRRR
GRR-RR-
EERR-RR
GRRR
YRR-RR
CATWELL
REST HOME
AND SPA

LIKE, I STILL DON'T GET IT! WHY WOULD DAPHNE'S AUNT SEND HER HERE?
WE'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH, SHAGGY.
?
CAFETERIA
RAFETERIA? ROBOY!
THAT'S IT-- DAPHNE'S ROOM.
HEY, GUYS! ARE YOU GOING TO GET ME OUT OF HERE?
LIKE, WE'RE NOT HERE TO CHANGE THE BEDPAN!
AGATHA CRISPIES CYANIDE IN THE CEREAL
KLIK!
HEY!

SCOOBY-DOO™ "SCOOBY in the BOOBY HATCH!"


YOU SEE, DR. FARADAY? I KNEW I HEARD A NOISE IN HERE,...LIKE A STOMACH GROWLING!
ALL RIGHT, KIDS! JUST WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
terrance griep – WRITER ("FOR TIFFANY AND TARA")
ned sonntag – PENCILER
gary fields – INKER
patricia mulvihill – COLORIST
gaspar – LETTERER
bronwyn taggart – EDITOR
COVER BY glenn barr

SCOOBY DOO 1. August, 1997. Published monthly by DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to SCOOBY DOO, DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510. Annual subscription rate $21.00. Canadian subscribers must add $12.00 for postage and GST. GST # is R125921072. All foreign countries must add $12.00 for postage. U.S. funds only. Copyright © 1997 Hanna-Barbera, Inc. A Time Warner Company. All Rights Reserved. SCOOBY DOO and all related characters and elements depicted herein are trademarks of and copyrighted by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. For advertising space contact: Henry Watkins, National Sales Director (212) 636-5520. Printed on recyclable paper.
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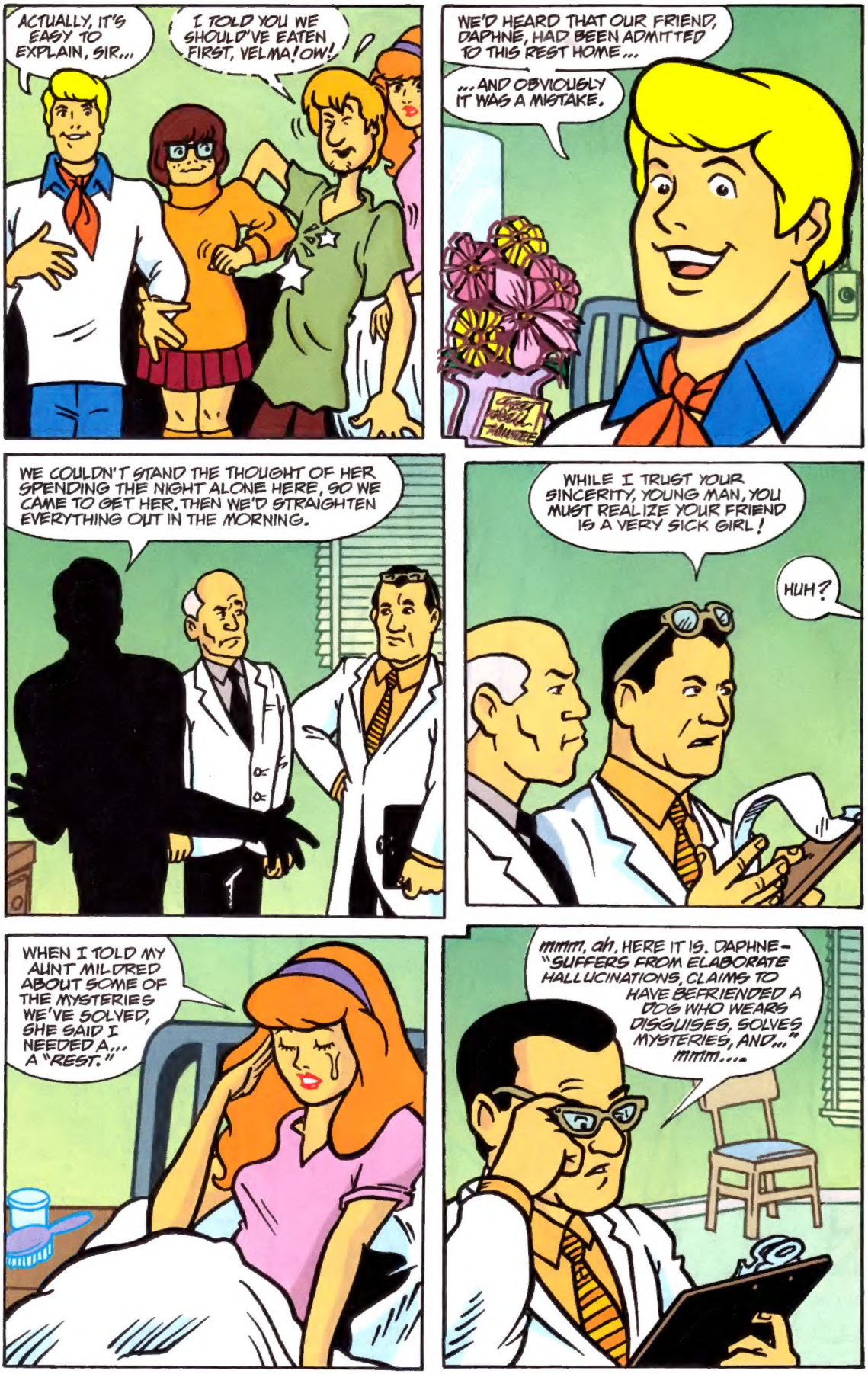
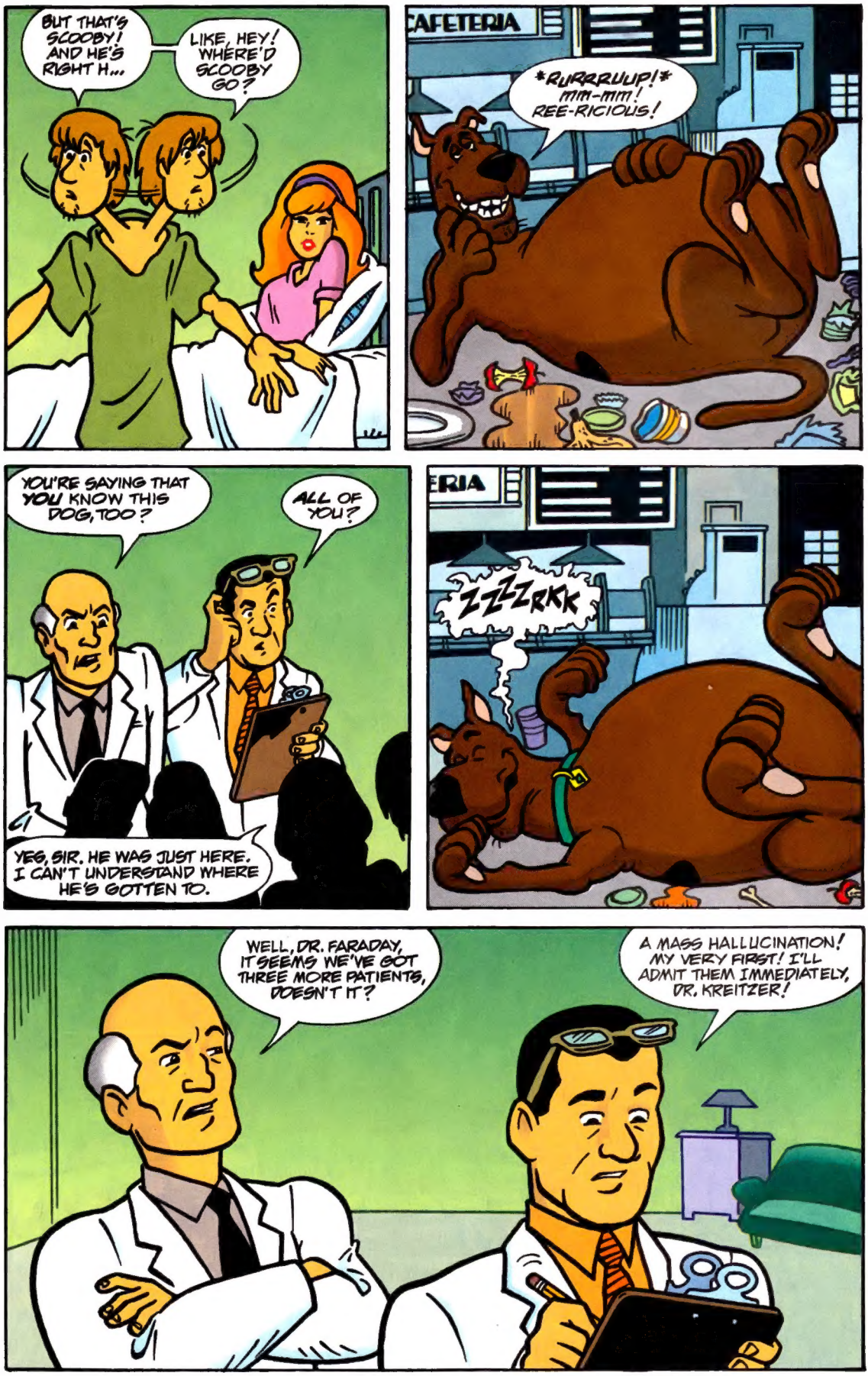
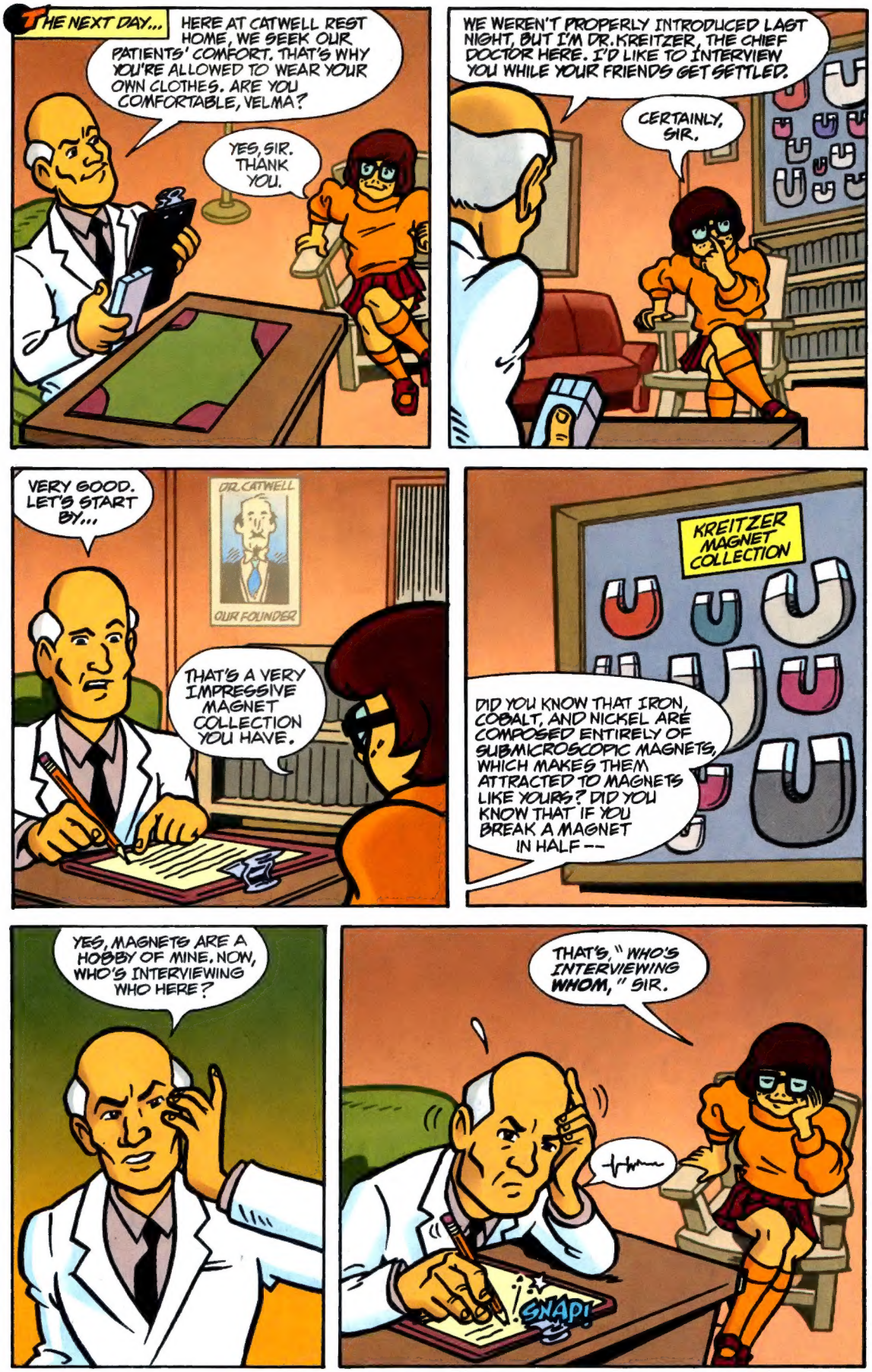
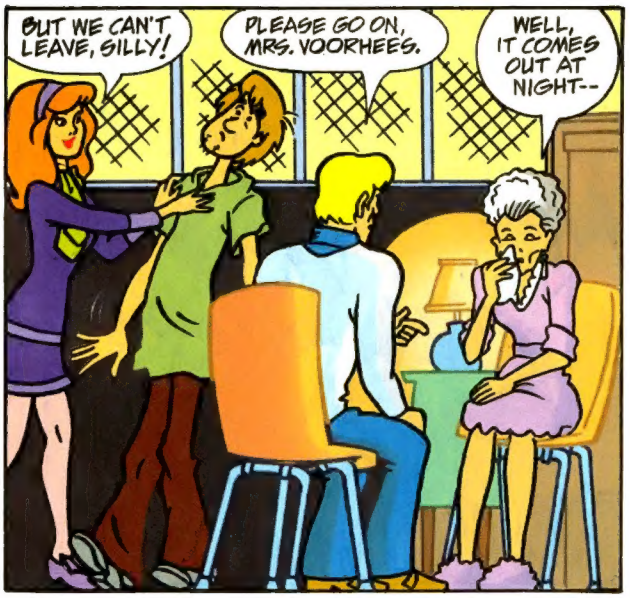

ACTUALLY, IT'S EASY TO EXPLAIN, SIR...
I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD'VE EATEN FIRST, VELMA! OW!
WE'D HEARD THAT OUR FRIEND, DAPHNE, HAD BEEN ADMITTED TO THIS REST HOME...
...AND OBVIOUSLY IT WAS A MISTAKE.
WE COULDN'T STAND THE THOUGHT OF HER SPENDING THE NIGHT ALONE HERE, SO WE CAME TO GET HER. THEN WE'D STRAIGHTEN EVERYTHING OUT IN THE MORNING.
WHILE I TRUST YOUR SINCERITY, YOUNG MAN, YOU MUST REALIZE YOUR FRIEND IS A VERY SICK GIRL!
HUH?
WHEN I TOLD MY AUNT MILDRED ABOUT SOME OF THE MYSTERIES WE'VE SOLVED, SHE SAID I NEEDED A... A "REST."
mmm, ah, HERE IT IS. DAPHNE - "SUFFERS FROM ELABORATE HALLUCINATIONS, CLAIMS TO HAVE BEFRIENDED A DOG WHO WEARS DISGUISES, SOLVES MYSTERIES, AND..." mmm....


BUT THAT'S SCOOBY! AND HE'S RIGHT H...
LIKE, HEY! WHERE'D SCOOBY GO?
CAFETERIA
RURRRUUP! MM-MM! REE-RICIOUS!
YOU'RE SAYING THAT YOU KNOW THIS DOG, TOO?
ALL OF YOU?
YES, SIR. HE WAS JUST HERE. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHERE HE'S GOTTEN TO.
ERIA
ZZZZRKK
WELL, DR. FARADAY, IT SEEMS WE'VE GOT THREE MORE PATIENTS, DOESN'T IT?
A MASS HALLUCINATION! MY VERY FIRST! I'LL ADMIT THEM IMMEDIATELY, DR. KREITZER!

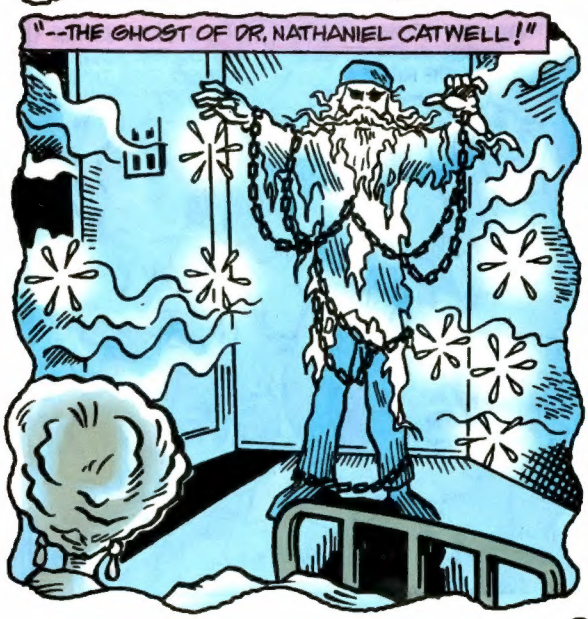

THE NEXT DAY...
HERE AT CATWELL REST HOME, WE SEEK OUR PATIENTS' COMFORT. THAT'S WHY YOU'RE ALLOWED TO WEAR YOUR OWN CLOTHES. ARE YOU COMFORTABLE, VELMA?
YES, SIR. THANK YOU.
WE WEREN'T PROPERLY INTRODUCED LAST NIGHT, BUT I'M DR. KREITZER, THE CHIEF DOCTOR HERE. I'D LIKE TO INTERVIEW YOU WHILE YOUR FRIENDS GET SETTLED.
CERTAINLY, SIR.
VERY GOOD. LET'S START BY...
DR. CATWELL
OUR FOUNDER
THAT'S A VERY IMPRESSIVE MAGNET COLLECTION YOU HAVE.
KREITZER MAGNET COLLECTION
DID YOU KNOW THAT IRON, COBALT, AND NICKEL ARE COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF SUBMICROSCOPIC MAGNETS, WHICH MAKES THEM ATTRACTED TO MAGNETS LIKE YOURS? DID YOU KNOW THAT IF YOU BREAK A MAGNET IN HALF --
YES, MAGNETS ARE A HOBBY OF MINE. NOW, WHO'S INTERVIEWING WHO HERE?
THAT'S, "WHO'S INTERVIEWING WHOM," SIR.
SNAP!

MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS IN THE DAY ROOM...
A GHOST?! LIKE, NO WAY! YOU'D HAVE TO BE CRAZY TO STAY HERE!


BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE, SILLY!
PLEASE GO ON, MRS. VOORHEES.
WELL, IT COMES OUT AT NIGHT--

"ALL THE OTHER WEALTHY PATIENTS HERE HAVE SEEN IT. FIRST, THERE'S A STRANGE, THROBBING LIGHT OUTSIDE OUR DOORS--"

"-- FOLLOWED BY AN AWFUL GIGGLE, THE RUSTY RATTLING OF ANCIENT CHAINS, AND THEN... THEN HE ARRIVES--"


"--THE GHOST OF DR. NATHANIEL CATWELL!"

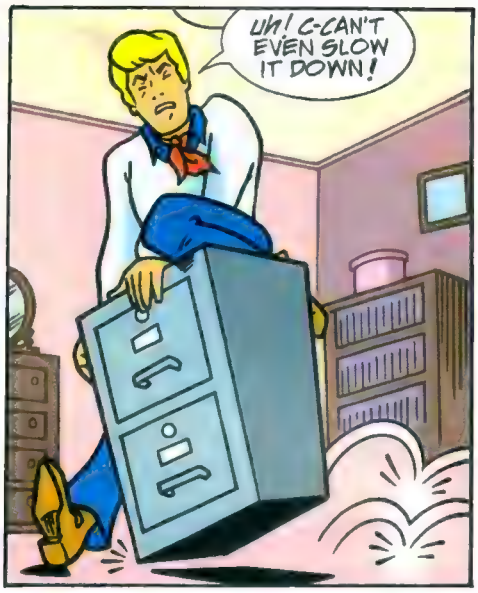
DR. CATWELL FOUNDED THIS HOME YEARS AGO. HE HELPED MANY PEOPLE UNTIL HE GOT SICK HIMSELF...AND WENT MAD!

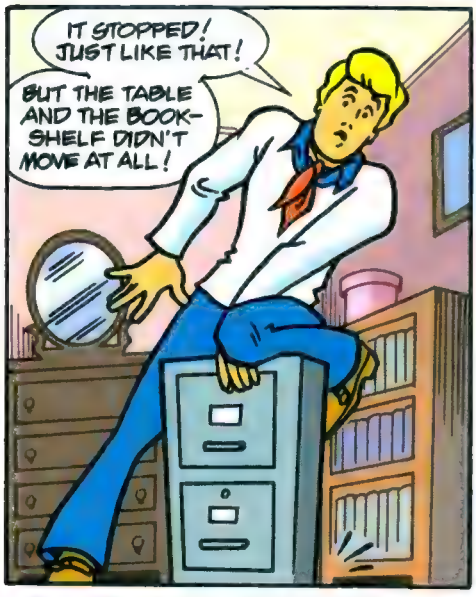
IT SEEMS HIS GHOST BLAMES THE PATIENTS AND WANDERS ABOUT SEEKING REVENGE!
LIKE, WE SHOULD TELL THE DOCTORS!
WE HAVE! THEY SAY THAT WE SIMPLY NEED MORE REST! I CAME HERE TO RELAX, BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN SO TENSE IN MY LIFE!
MRS. VOORHEES!
IT'S TIME FOR YOUR NAP.
YES...YES, I NEED MORE REST.
GANG, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE STUMBLED ONTO ANOTHER MYSTERY! AND WE STILL HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO LOOK FOR...
RRROOBY-ROOBY-ROOOO!
SCOOBY! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
THE CAFETERIA, RIGHT?
ROO ROT IT!
NOW WE CAN PROVE SCOOBY EXISTS AND GET OUT OF HERE!
NO. SCOOBY'S OUR ACE IN THE HOLE FOR SOLVING THIS MYSTERY!
ZOINKS! WE'RE DOO-HOO HOOMED!
RUH-OH!

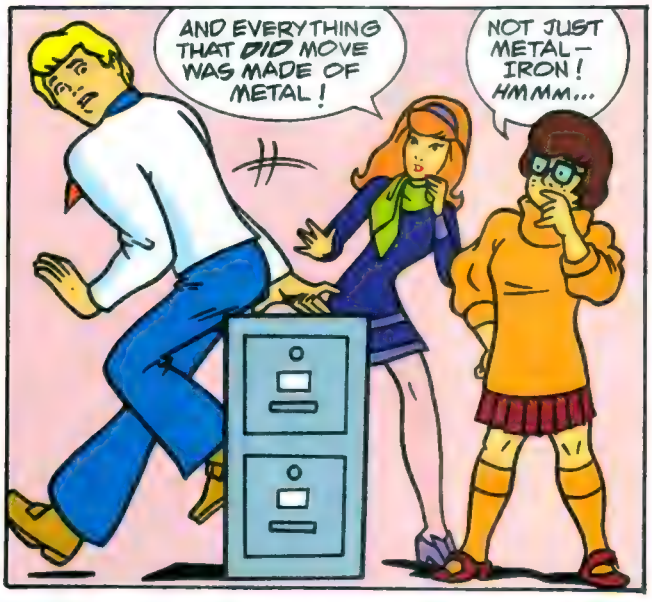
LATER, IN DR. FARADAY'S OFFICE...
ALL RIGHT, ahhh, "SHAGGY." I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU AN EXAMINATION, A TEST.
err...DOES IT INVOLVE ME TURNING MY HEAD AND COUGHING?
NO, I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU SOME INK BLOTS. I JUST WANT YOU TO TELL ME WHAT THEY REMIND YOU OF, OKAY?
LIKE, OKAY.
NOW, TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE.
UMMMM...IT'S TWO PIECES OF GERMAN CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE PUSHED TOGETHER LIKE A DECK OF PLAYING CARDS.
OUR FOUNDER
HMMM. AND WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS ONE?
A GIANT HAMBURGER WITH PICKLES, MAYO, AND TOMATO, WELL-DONE AND SMOTHERED WITH BLACK BEAN DIP.
OUR FOUNDER
YEECH! AND THIS ONE?
A SIAMESE CHILI DOG. HEAVY ON THE ONIONS. COOKED CAJUN STYLE.
OUR FOUNDER
I THINK I'LL SKIP LUNCH TODAY.

MEANWHILE...
LOOK! SCOOBY WANTS TO SHOW US SOMETHING!
ROOK! ROOK!
WHY, IT'S JUST A FOOD CART! DIDN'T YOU GET ENOUGH TO EAT IN THE CAFETERIA, SCOOBY?
ROOK!
IT'S A BATTERY-POWERED SPOTLIGHT!
IS IT? WHAT'S A SPOTLIGHT DOING HIDDEN INSIDE A MEAL CART?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT CONSIDERING WHAT VELMA TOLD ME ABOUT HER INTERVIEW, I'M STARTING TO WONDER IF...
EEEEEEEEEEE!
THAT CAME FROM MRS. VOORHEES' ROOM!
QUICK! THIS WAY! HER ROOM IS RIGHT NEXT TO OURS!

HELP! IT'S A POLTERGEIST! IT'S THE GHOST OF DR. CATWEEEEEELL!
JINKIES!
15

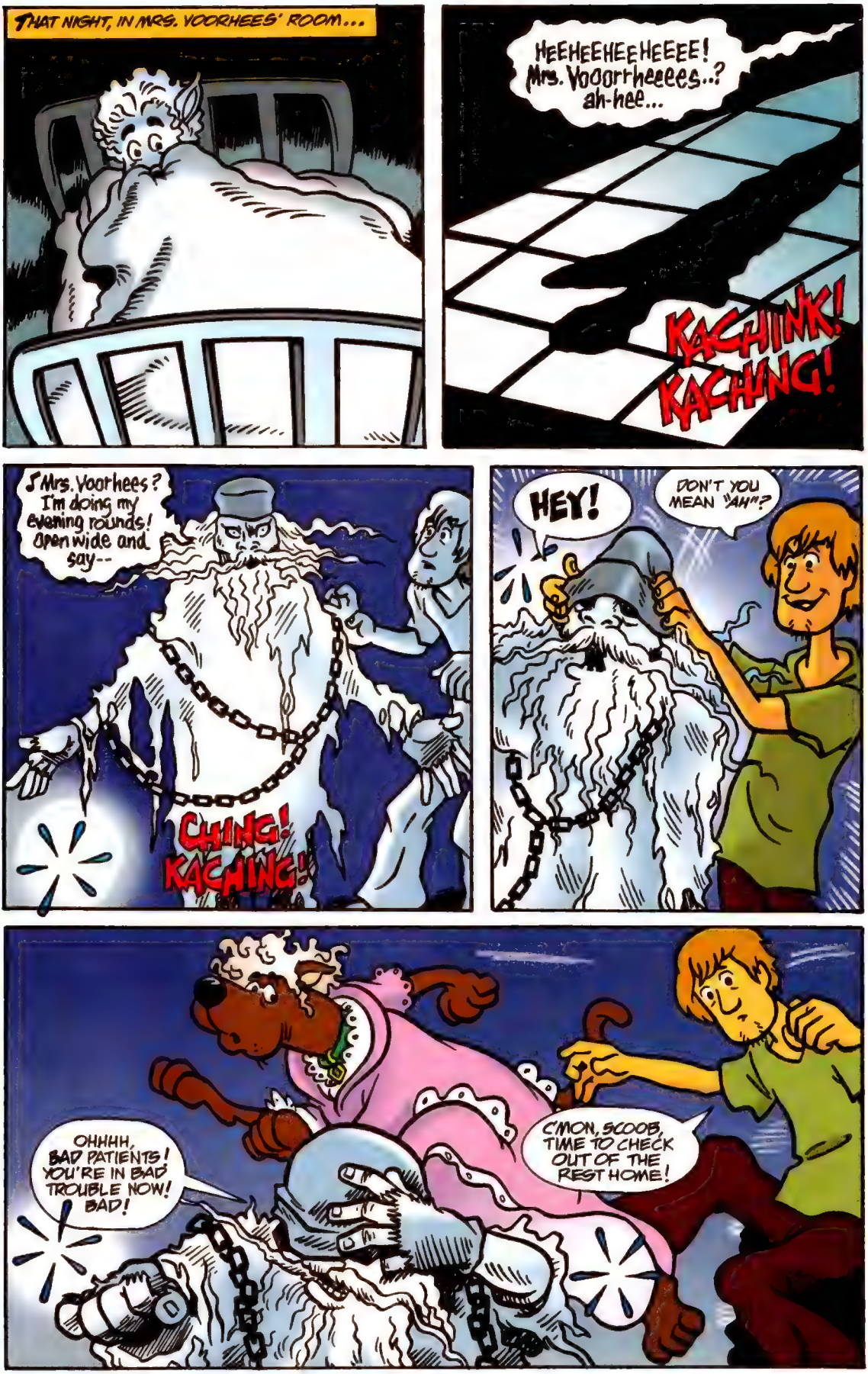

UH! C-CAN'T EVEN SLOW IT DOWN!


IT STOPPED! JUST LIKE THAT!
BUT THE TABLE AND THE BOOK-SHELF DIDN'T MOVE AT ALL!


AND EVERYTHING THAT DID MOVE WAS MADE OF METAL!
NOT JUST METAL— IRON! HMMM...

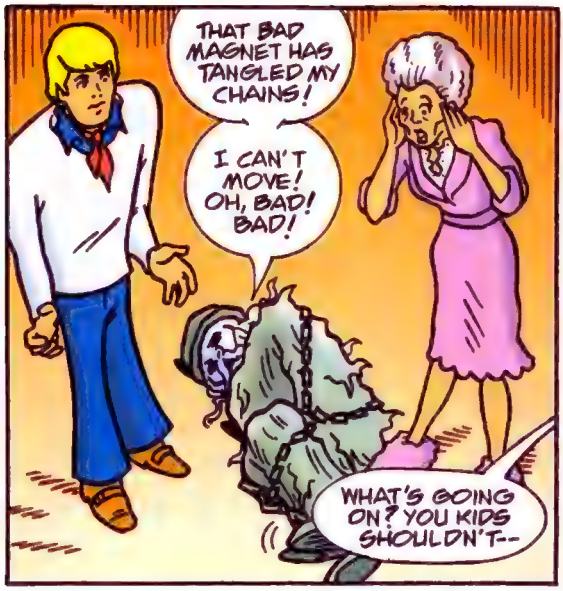
AND MRS. VOORHEES MENTIONED THAT ALL OF THE PATIENTS BEING HAUNTED ARE WEALTHY.....

GANG, LET'S FIND SHAGGY. WE'RE GOING TO CAST OUR OWN LIGHT ONTO THIS MYSTERY...TONIGHT!


THAT NIGHT, IN MRS. VOORHEES' ROOM...
HEEHEEHEEHEEEE! Mrs. Vooorrheeees..? ah-hee...
KACHINK! KACHING!
♪Mrs. Voorhees? I'm doing my evening rounds! Open wide and say--
CHING! KACHING!
HEY!
DON'T YOU MEAN "AH"?
OHHHH, BAD PATIENTS! YOU'RE IN BAD TROUBLE NOW! BAD!
C'MON, SCOOB, TIME TO CHECK OUT OF THE REST HOME!

I'll get you! Bad!
LIKE, HURRY, SCOOB!
OH! WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY GHOSTLIGHTS? BAD!
YOU WANT LIGHT?
WE'LL FILL THAT PRESCRIPTION, DOCTOR!
KLIK!
EEAAUUGHH!
THAT FLASH! I'M BLIND!
NOW LET'S CHECK YOUR REFLEXES, DOCTOR!
WHA--?
CHING!

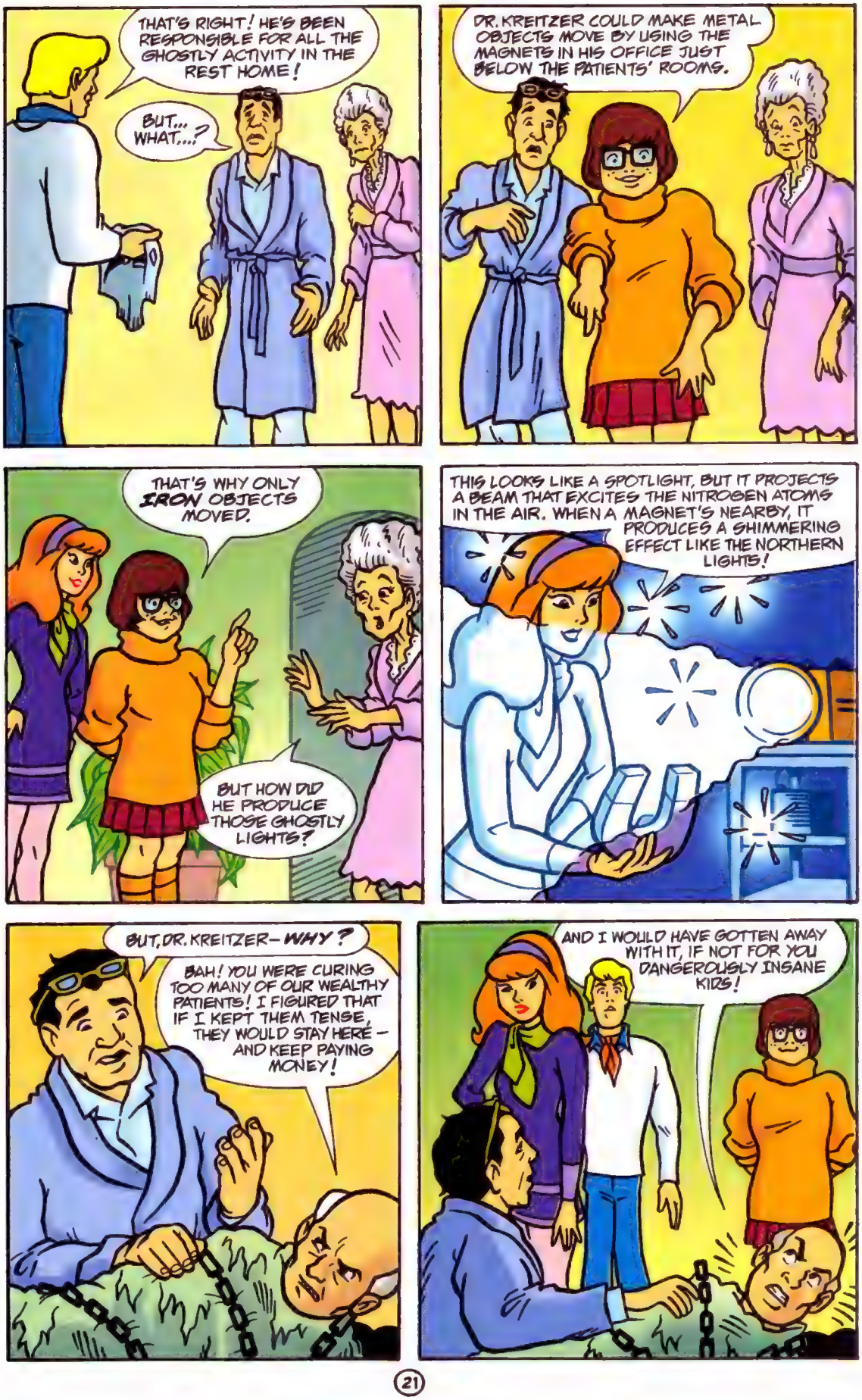
OOMF!
THUMP!


THAT BAD MAGNET HAS TANGLED MY CHAINS!
I CAN'T MOVE! OH, BAD! BAD!
WHAT'S GOING ON? YOU KIDS SHOULDN'T--

OH, MERCY! DR. CATWELL'S GHOST - IT-IT'S REAL!

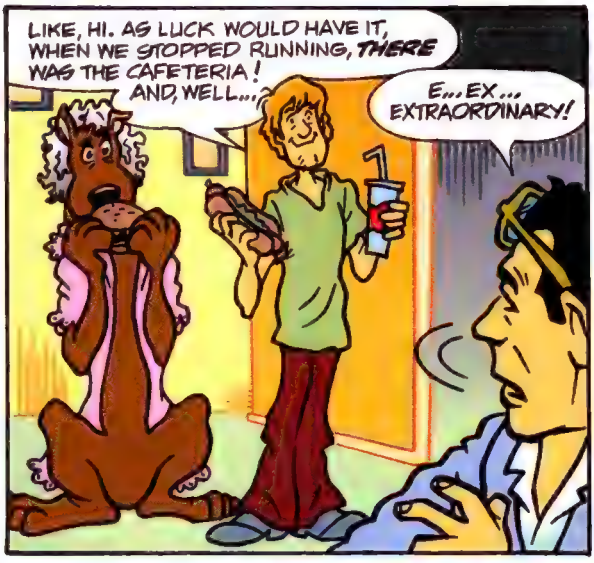
HE'S REAL, ALL RIGHT, BUT HE'S NO GHOST. HE'S --

DR. KREITZER!

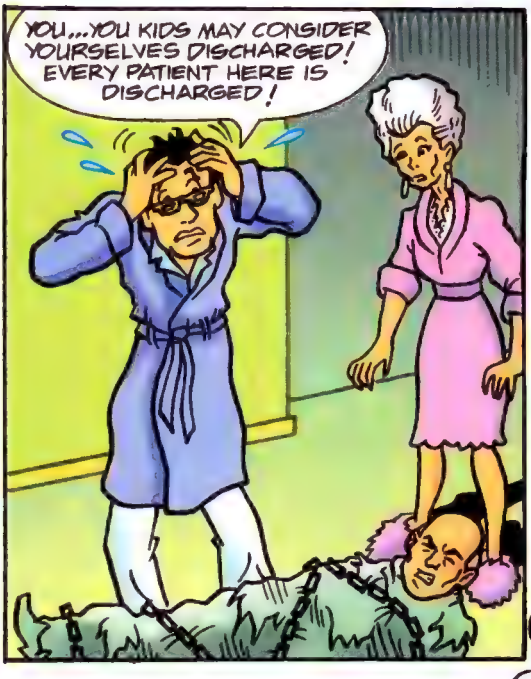

THAT'S RIGHT! HE'S BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THE GHOSTLY ACTIVITY IN THE REST HOME!
BUT... WHAT...?
DR. KREITZER COULD MAKE METAL OBJECTS MOVE BY USING THE MAGNETS IN HIS OFFICE JUST BELOW THE PATIENTS' ROOMS.
THAT'S WHY ONLY IRON OBJECTS MOVED.
BUT HOW DID HE PRODUCE THOSE GHOSTLY LIGHTS?
THIS LOOKS LIKE A SPOTLIGHT, BUT IT PROJECTS A BEAM THAT EXCITES THE NITROGEN ATOMS IN THE AIR. WHEN A MAGNET'S NEARBY, IT PRODUCES A SHIMMERING EFFECT LIKE THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!
BUT, DR. KREITZER— WHY?
BAH! YOU WERE CURING TOO MANY OF OUR WEALTHY PATIENTS! I FIGURED THAT IF I KEPT THEM TENSE, THEY WOULD STAY HERE — AND KEEP PAYING MONEY!
AND I WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT, IF NOT FOR YOU DANGEROUSLY INSANE KIDS!

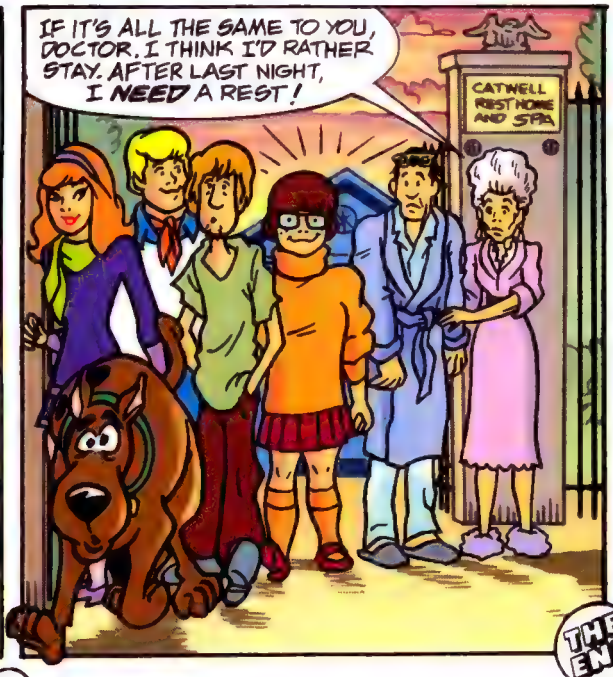
WELL, AT LEAST NOW WE CAN FINALLY LEAVE!
OHHH, NO! I WON'T RELEASE YOU AS LONG AS YOU INSIST ON THE EXISTENCE OF THAT MAKE-BELIEVE DOG!

SCOOBY-DOO, WHERE ARE YOU?!


LIKE, HI. AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, WHEN WE STOPPED RUNNING, THERE WAS THE CAFETERIA!
AND, WELL...
E...EX... EXTRAORDINARY!

RELLO.
WOOF.

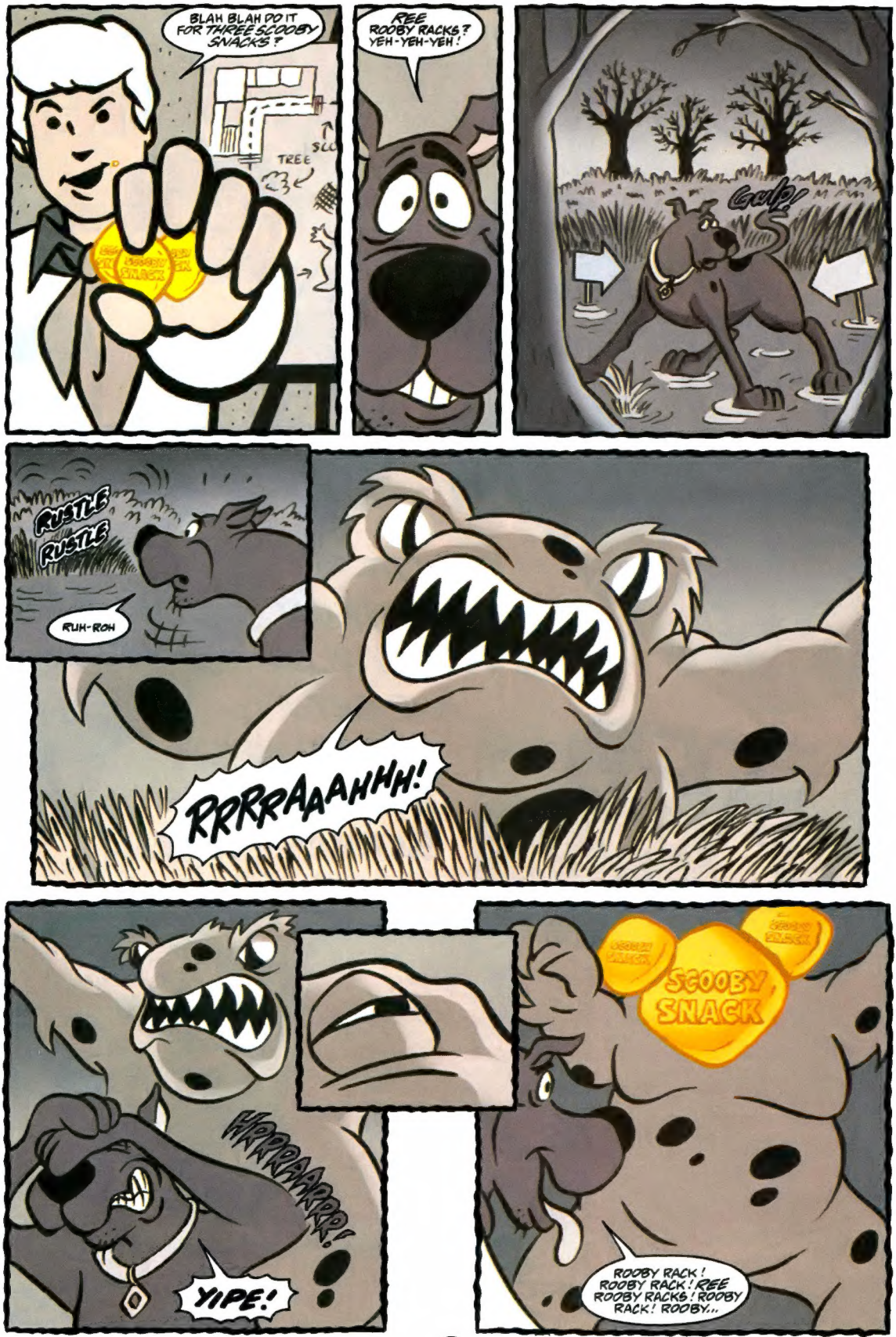

YOU...YOU KIDS MAY CONSIDER YOURSELVES DISCHARGED! EVERY PATIENT HERE IS DISCHARGED!


IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, DOCTOR, I THINK I'D RATHER STAY. AFTER LAST NIGHT, I NEED A REST!
CATWELL REST HOME AND SPA
THE END

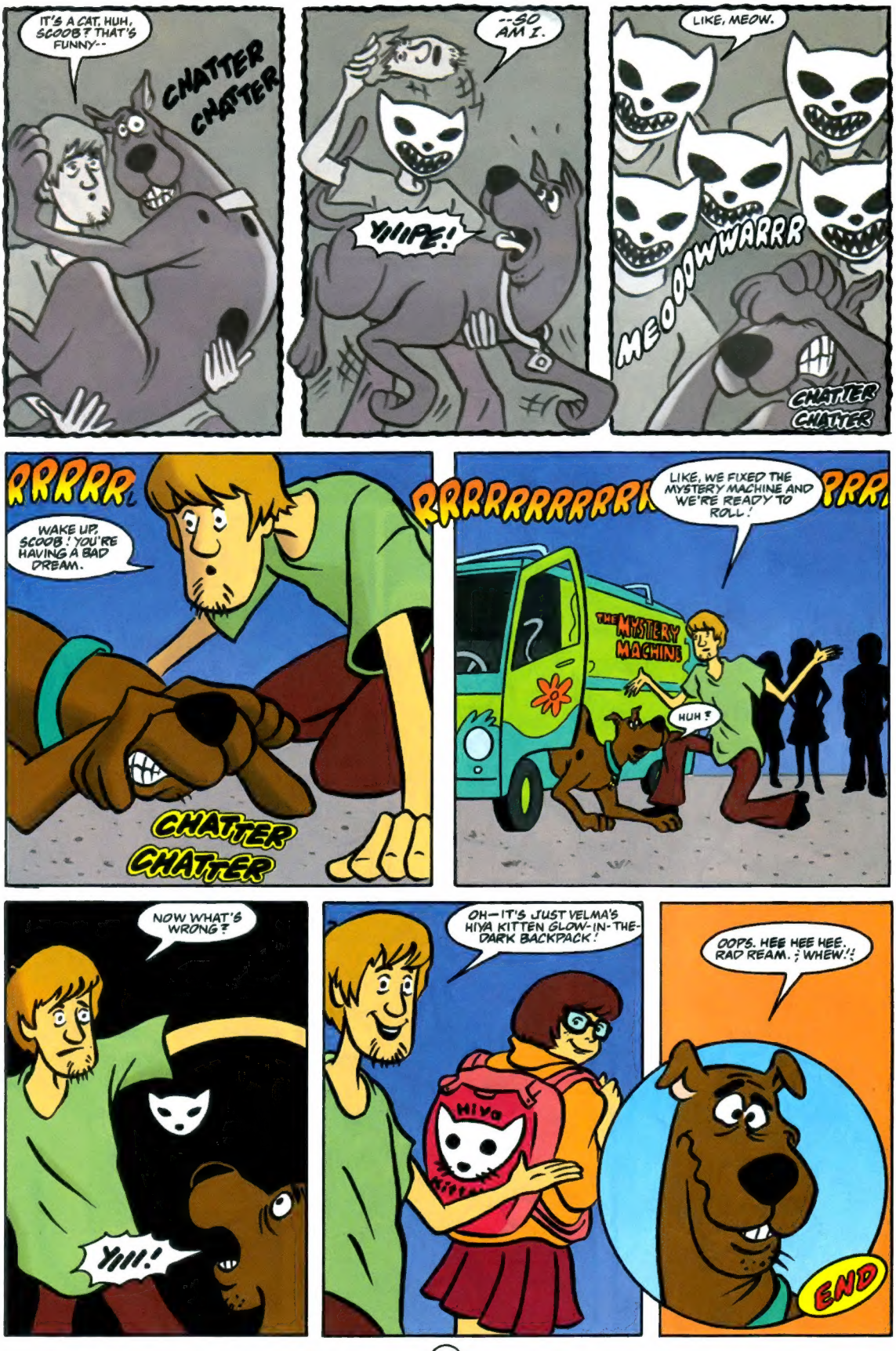
SCOOBY-DOO IN "SCOOBY SNOOZE"
WRITER
CHRIS DUFFY
ARTIST
IVAN BRUNETTI
(SPECIAL THANKS TO THAD DORIA)
LETTERER
ALBERT DE GUZMAN
COLORIST
PATRICIA MULVIHILL
EDITOR
BRONWYN TAGGART
I FOUND A MECHANIC ABOUT THREE MILES DOWN THE ROAD. BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU GOT THE ENGINE RUNNING.
BZZZZZAAAWWWK!
THE MYSTERY MACHINE
LIKE, WE WISH. THAT CRAZY RUMBLING'S NOT THE ENGINE—
-- IT'S, SCOOBY-DOO! POOR SCOOB MUST BE POOPED FROM THE FROG DEMON CASE!
SNAAAAOOOOARRR
I'M GLAD WE GOT A MEMENTO.
YES, IT'S NOT EVERY DAY YOU EXPOSE A SUPERNATURAL HOAX THAT'S SCARING PEOPLE AWAY FROM VALUABLE PROPERTY.
WELL, FOR MOST PEOPLE IT ISN'T EVERY DAY.
I WONDER WHAT HE'S DREAMING ABOUT?
SHAAWWK

I THINK SCOOBY DREAMS ABOUT SOLVING MYSTERIES. GREAT DANES ARE EXCELLENT PROBLEM-SOLVERS, BEING A BREED OF MASTIFF BRED FOR GUARDING--
SNAAAOOORRe
WHAT DO YOU THINK, SHAGGY?
SORRY, >MUNCH< LIKE, WHAT WAS THE QUESTION? I FIGURED >MUNCH< IF WE WERE TAKING A BREAK, I'D HAVE A LITTLE SNACK.
Snack Snack
Snack
Snack
Snack
SLURRRP!
Snack
Snack
Snack
RRRITTLE RRRACK!
Snif Snif Snif
SCOOBY
C'MON, SCOOB.
?
SCOOBY
LIKE, FRED'S HAVING A MEETING TO PLAN HOW TO CATCH THIS FROG DEMON!
RUH-ROH!
SCOOB
YEAH, AND LIKE THERE'S HOT DOGS AT THE MEETING!
!
BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH

BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, FROG MONSTER. BLAH-BLAH BLAH, SCOOBY, BLAH BLAH, SHAGGY.
SWAMP
TREE
NET
FROG DEMON
WHERE'S THE GRUB, FRED?
ROT ROGS!
WE ATE THE HOT DOGS, BLAH! BLAH BLAH TIRED OF WAITING BLAH BLAH!
SWAMP
TREE
NET
BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, PLAN!
Pant Pant Pant
AND THEN BLAH, BLAH, BLAH IN THE SWAMP.
BLAH, BLAH, AND SO SCOOBY IS THE BAIT WE'LL USE TO CAPTURE THE FROG DEMON!
RAIT!
RO RAY!


BLAH BLAH DO IT FOR THREE SCOOBY SNACKS?
TREE
REE ROOBY RACKS? YEH-YEH-YEH!
Gulp!
RUSTLE RUSTLE
RUH-ROH
RRRRAAAHHH!
HRRRAARRR!
YIPE!
SCOOBY SNACK
ROOBY RACK! ROOBY RACK! REE ROOBY RACKS! ROOBY RACK! ROOBY...

RRROOOOBY ROOOOO!
RRRRRRAR!
RRRARRR?
YOU GOT HIM, FRED!
LIKE, GOOD WORK, SCOOB!
BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, UNMASK YOU, FROG DEMON!
SPLUP
SPLUP
SPLUP
SPLUP
SPLUP
IT'S A CAT!
MEOW!
YYYIPE!


IT'S A CAT, HUH, SCOOB? THAT'S FUNNY--
CHATTER CHATTER
--SO AM I.
YIIIPE!
LIKE, MEOW.
MEOOOWWARRR
CHATTER CHATTER
RRRRR
WAKE UP, SCOOB! YOU'RE HAVING A BAD DREAM.
CHATTER CHATTER
RRRRRRRRRRR
LIKE, WE FIXED THE MYSTERY MACHINE AND WE'RE READY TO ROLL!
THE MYSTERY MACHINE
HUH?
NOW WHAT'S WRONG?
YIII!
OH—IT'S JUST VELMA'S HIYA KITTEN GLOW-IN-THE-DARK BACKPACK!
HIYA
OOPS. HEE HEE HEE. RAD REAM. WHEW!!
END

Dog Eyes

Do dogs see in color?

No. In the story *"Scooby Snooze,"* Scooby's dream is shown in black-and-white, because that's the way dogs see the world. To understand why, you have to know something about the different parts of the eye.

If you look at *your* eye in a mirror, you'll probably see **all the main outside parts:** there's eyelashes, and the eyelid, and the white part of the eye (called the *sclera*); there's also the *iris*, which is the colored part of the eye. In the middle of the iris is a dark round spot called the *pupil* — that's the opening where light passes into the inside of the eyeball.

The inside wall of your eye is kind of like the inside of a hollow ball, and the innermost layer of the wall is called the *retina*. The retina is very delicate; **it's about as strong as wet tissue paper.** It's also full of light-sensitive cells. When light passes through the pupil into the inside of the eye, it lands on the retina where the light-sensitive cells absorb the light rays and change them into electrical signals that travel to the brain. The brain decodes the signals into an image.

Whenever you see something, you're really processing reflected light rays through your eyes into electrical signals that your brain can read.

WHAT ABOUT COLOR? Okay. There are two kinds of light-sensitive cells in the retina: one kind is cylinder-shaped and called **rods,** and the other kind is cone-shaped and is called — **cones!** *(Duh!)* The rods have a special colored chemical inside that reacts so that the eye can see shades of gray and can see in dim light. The cones have *three* different colored chemicals that react so that the eye can see in bright light and can see — **colors.** (And guess what? The colored chemicals in the rods and cones are made partly from Vitamin A. There's lots of Vitamin A in carrots, so that's why **some people say if you eat lots of carrots, you'll have good eyesight** — *it's partly true!)*

Of course, dogs' eyes are different from human eyes. One big difference is that *they have hardly any cones in their retinas,* and that means **dogs can't see colors** — just black and white and grays and *maybe* some shades of blue. They can't see forms and patterns as well as people can, either, but they can see in the dark *much* better than we do because they have a special part in their eyes that reflects light. *And* their senses of "smell and hearing are way better than ours. **But it doesn't matter how many carrots Scooby eats — he'll never see colors the way we do!**

IN THE NEXT ISSUE: The Mystery Inc. gang meets a space alien in downtown Roswell, New Mexico! That's coming next month — we'll see you then!

COVER: Penciled and inked by rockin' Glenn Barr. For all your coloring needs, Patricia Mulvihill rules.

WHAT'S UP?

By BRONWYN T.

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